

Terms of Subscription.	
Weekly Paper, one year, in advance.....	\$3.00
Do. Six months, " " " " " " " "	2.00
Daily Paper, one year, in advance.....	\$10.00
Do. Six months, " " " " " " " "	6.00
Do. Three months, " " " " " " " "	3.00
Do. One month, " " " " " " " "	1.00

North Carolina.

DUPLIN COUNTY.

Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, July Term, 1866.

Mary Cole, vs. Jesse Cole, et al.

Petition Dower.

Richard Swinson and wife Ann.

Richard Swinson and wife Ann.

Richard Swinson and wife Ann.

Richard Swinson and wife Ann.

Richard Swinson and wife Ann.

Richard Swinson and wife Ann.

Richard Swinson and wife Ann.

Richard Swinson and wife Ann.

Richard Swinson and wife Ann.

Richard Swinson and wife Ann.

Richard Swinson and wife Ann.

Richard Swinson and wife Ann.

Richard Swinson and wife Ann.

Richard Swinson and wife Ann.

Richard Swinson and wife Ann.

Richard Swinson and wife Ann.

Richard Swinson and wife Ann.

Richard Swinson and wife Ann.

Richard Swinson and wife Ann.

Richard Swinson and wife Ann.

Richard Swinson and wife Ann.

Richard Swinson and wife Ann.

Richard Swinson and wife Ann.

Richard Swinson and wife Ann.

Richard Swinson and wife Ann.

Richard Swinson and wife Ann.

Richard Swinson and wife Ann.

Richard Swinson and wife Ann.

Richard Swinson and wife Ann.

Richard Swinson and wife Ann.

Richard Swinson and wife Ann.

Richard Swinson and wife Ann.

Richard Swinson and wife Ann.

Richard Swinson and wife Ann.

Richard Swinson and wife Ann.

Richard Swinson and wife Ann.

Richard Swinson and wife Ann.

Richard Swinson and wife Ann.

Richard Swinson and wife Ann.

Richard Swinson and wife Ann.

Richard Swinson and wife Ann.

Richard Swinson and wife Ann.

Richard Swinson and wife Ann.

Richard Swinson and wife Ann.

Richard Swinson and wife Ann.

Richard Swinson and wife Ann.

Richard Swinson and wife Ann.

Richard Swinson and wife Ann.

Richard Swinson and wife Ann.

Richard Swinson and wife Ann.

Richard Swinson and wife Ann.

Richard Swinson and wife Ann.

Richard Swinson and wife Ann.

Richard Swinson and wife Ann.

Richard Swinson and wife Ann.

Richard Swinson and wife Ann.

Richard Swinson and wife Ann.

Richard Swinson and wife Ann.

Richard Swinson and wife Ann.

Richard Swinson and wife Ann.

Richard Swinson and wife Ann.

Richard Swinson and wife Ann.

Richard Swinson and wife Ann.

Richard Swinson and wife Ann.

Richard Swinson and wife Ann.

Richard Swinson and wife Ann.

Richard Swinson and wife Ann.

Richard Swinson and wife Ann.

Richard Swinson and wife Ann.

Richard Swinson and wife Ann.

Richard Swinson and wife Ann.

Richard Swinson and wife Ann.

Richard Swinson and wife Ann.

Richard Swinson and wife Ann.

Richard Swinson and wife Ann.

Richard Swinson and wife Ann.

Richard Swinson and wife Ann.

Richard Swinson and wife Ann.

Richard Swinson and wife Ann.

Richard Swinson and wife Ann.

Richard Swinson and wife Ann.

Richard Swinson and wife Ann.

Richard Swinson and wife Ann.

Richard Swinson and wife Ann.

Richard Swinson and wife Ann.

Richard Swinson and wife Ann.

Richard Swinson and wife Ann.

Richard Swinson and wife Ann.

Richard Swinson and wife Ann.

Richard Swinson and wife Ann.

Richard Swinson and wife Ann.

Richard Swinson and wife Ann.

Richard Swinson and wife Ann.

Wilmington Journal.

VOL. 22.

WILMINGTON, N. C. THURSDAY MORNING, AUGUST 30, 1866.

NO. 30.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

1 square, of 10 lines or less, for each and every insertion, \$1.
Special Notices will be charged \$2.00 per square for each and every insertion.
All Obituaries and private publications of every character, are charged as advertisements.
No advertisement, reflecting upon private character, can, under any circumstances, be admitted.

Real Estate for Sale.

THAT FINE BUILDING LOTS ON THE COR-
ner of Third and Red Cross streets, with a
small house with four rooms on one lot, front
on Third street 132 feet; on Red Cross street about 112
feet. It is the finest location for a residence in the city.
For terms, apply to
S. M. WEST,
Aug. 23. Auctioneer and Real Estate Broker.
29-41.

MY HUSBAND'S GRAVE.

The following lines are suggested by a slab in the soldiers' burying ground at Greenville, Alabama, placed upon the grave of G. W. Nichols, C. S. A., by his affectionate wife:

At last my husband's grave is found!
My aching foot may rest,
And I may swoon away and dream
I lean upon his breast.

A Southern man; for Southern cause,
Regardless of the cost,
Wore Southern gray; South Southern flag
He fought and won—I lost!

And though the marshalled hosts in file
Tramp heavy on my heart,
I'd rather weep than blush for him—
Thank God, he bore his part!

How long ago I cannot tell—
It seems one hundred years!
For time has held in scarlet hand
An hour-class dimmed by tears.

God bless the gentle ones who came
At dawning of the year,
And went with me and garlanded
Bright laurels for my bier!

A widow's prayer will rise for aye,
Strandless of grief and pain,
The kindly hands that ministered
How best, had they been mine!

An emblem of my widowhood
Is all that I can bring—
A stainless hair, four broken chords,
And one poor, silent string!

Ah, wake me not! This spirit haunts
That swoops the green, strong pine
With fingers light, and strokes my hair
Carelessly, is thine.

Kisses I press upon the earth,
Oh, stiffer arms, unfold!
Thou wilt not give me kiss for kiss,
Oh, soul, thou art so cold!

If life and death were mine to choose,
I'd be the coldest cold,
On dry dead bones, the living flower
That breathes above the soil!

I wait; sleep on where comrades sleep
On guard; thy warrior soul
Would rather rise in ranks when God
Shall call His muster-roll!

AN APPEAL OF THE WOMEN OF THE SOUTH TO THE PRESIDENT.

BY MARGARET A. FRESTON.

You stand upon the clasp of the link,
That yawns so deadly deep—
Ready to bridge the rift—we think—
And dare the noble leap:

Go, fill this rift with purpose bold—
Right war's red deeds of shame;
And Curtains, with his legend old,
Will pale before your name!

We meddle not with questions high;
The world's affairs are not our care;
To follow where man leads, and try
To hide the flint, with flowers.

We sought, 'till all our mortal strife,
To conquer, even so, we sought,
And not one Southern maid nor wife
Has grained the cost or pain.

So now, when might has won the day—
When hopes and aims are crossed,
We cheer up, up, and cheer up, we may—
The hearts whose loss is lost.

Rebels—outlawed—what you will—
We dare a host to brave;
We trust that calm forbearance still,
Against such odds,—so brave!

For sons—for husbands—not one plea!
For men—to whom you give,
With unshrinking leniency,
Our dead broken hearts to live!

But with a tender woman's claim,
Warm in our souls, we come—
Strong in the spirit, and in name,
That holds denial dumb.

He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,

He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,

He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,

He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,

He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,

He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,

He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,

He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,

He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,

He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,

He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,

He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,

He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,

He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,

He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,

He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,

He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,

He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,

He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,

He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,

He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,

He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,

STATE NEWS.

HOMICIDE IN MORGANTON.—We mentioned last Friday, a terrible tragedy as occurring in Morganton. The Statesville American thus particularizes:—We have been informed by a gentleman from Morganton, that Mr. Robert Tate, a most estimable young gentleman, was brutally murdered in cold blood by James McKesson last Tuesday. McKesson was the husband of Mr. Tate's sister, and in a drunken fit last week, shot at his wife three times, which caused her to leave home and go to her father's for protection. A few days afterwards, McKesson went and persuaded his wife, upon fair promises of repentance, to return with him to her home. In passing a neighbor's house on the road, he told his wife to proceed on, that he was thirsty and would call for a drink of water.

Here he met Tate, who in a mild manner remonstrated with him for the brutal treatment of his sister, McKesson's wife. McKesson asked him if he "took it up." Tate replied "no," but he wished him to act better in future. McKesson then told him to come out and he would shoot him. Tate not expecting this, and not having his threat into execution, perhaps, stepped out at the door, and was shot down, and died in about ten minutes afterwards. Tate was unmarried, a single man, and most worthy gentleman. McKesson made his escape and had not been apprehended the last accounts. The gun that was used was charged with wood-screws, several of which were extracted from the body of the deceased.

ANOTHER LEFT US.—Since our last mention of the number of our town people who have settled in other places since the close of the war, we regret to have to add also the departure of one of our oldest and most prominent citizens, who during his long residence in Fayetteville became so widely known and esteemed both by his conduct of the Weekly and Semi-Weekly Observer, and the book business, and his conservatism and liberality as a politician. The Messrs. Hale, we have learned, design establishing a general book and publishing house in New York; and from their long experience in that line, and their thorough knowledge of the wants of buyers, they will be enabled to fill the orders of their acquaintances and friends throughout the South to the best advantage. Mr. D. T. Newby, connected before and during the war, with the book and stationery department of the Observer office, still continues that business in Fayetteville.

GOULD LICKED.—Two men, formerly soldiers in the late Confederate Army, one of them having deserted the cause, and went over to the Yankees, and it seems, piloted the enemy through this section, got into a mess in this place, yesterday afternoon, and both were pretty badly whipped for presuming to thrust their proboscis into a respectably crowded place of business.

THEY CROWD THE WOMEN OF THE SOUTH TO THE PRESIDENT.—BY MARGARET A. FRESTON.

You stand upon the clasp of the link,
That yawns so deadly deep—
Ready to bridge the rift—we think—
And dare the noble leap:

Go, fill this rift with purpose bold—
Right war's red deeds of shame;
And Curtains, with his legend old,
Will pale before your name!

We meddle not with questions high;
The world's affairs are not our care;
To follow where man leads, and try
To hide the flint, with flowers.

We sought, 'till all our mortal strife,
To conquer, even so, we sought,
And not one Southern maid nor wife
Has grained the cost or pain.

So now, when might has won the day—
When hopes and aims are crossed,
We cheer up, up, and cheer up, we may—
The hearts whose loss is lost.

Rebels—outlawed—what you will—
We dare a host to brave;
We trust that calm forbearance still,
Against such odds,—so brave!

For sons—for husbands—not one plea!
For men—to whom you give,
With unshrinking leniency,
Our dead broken hearts to live!

But with a tender woman's claim,
Warm in our souls, we come—
Strong in the spirit, and in name,
That holds denial dumb.

He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,

He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,

He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,

He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,

He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,

He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,

He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,

He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,

He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,

He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,

He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,

He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,

He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,

He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,

He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,

He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,

He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,

He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,

He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,

He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,

He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,

He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,

He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,

He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,

He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,

He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,

He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,

He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,

He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,

He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,

He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,

He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,

He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,
He, in whose more than regal chair,

LECTURES IN RALEIGH.—We are informed that the Young Men's Christian Association of this City, propose to secure the services of eminent and able lecturers to deliver during the ensuing season a series of six lectures. The proceeds of these lectures to be applied to the support of the poor.

It is proposed, in order to ascertain whether our citizens are favorably inclined to the measure, to issue season tickets, covering all the lectures, at \$2 a ticket. Admission to each lecture singly will be fifty cents. Those who may desire season tickets, will leave their names with R. W. Beart, W. H. Spencer, Perrin Busbee or Leo D. Hewitt.

CROPS.—The cotton and corn crops upon the highlands have not been better for periods before the war, and the yield will be larger than ever before, if no disaster occurs, and we should have a late fall. Upon the river bottoms below Weldon, the crops will not be so good, and some of the most practical farmers think there will not be more than half a crop made "upon river." The country, however, will make for market more cotton than she made in 1860. * * * Before closing, I would add that the crops of cotton and corn in Edgecombe are superb, and will yield more than an average crop. Indeed, North Carolina will make more cotton than she did in 1860.

HOUSTON, C. Petersburg Index.

CASE OF MR. BLOW.—The Williamson Express calls upon Gov. Worth to interpose in behalf of a young man by the name of Blow, from Pitt county, who was arrested by the military authorities for a misdemeanor upon a freedman, under civil bonds, and subsequent to the late Robertson's late order. The attention of the Governor having been previously called to the same matter, he at once addressed Gen. Robertson on the subject. He has been assured that the arrest was an error, and that the military authorities were not to regret. Mr. Blow is no longer in military custody.

FIRE IN SMITHFIELD.—On Sunday morning last, about 11 o'clock, A. M., the kitchen to the house owned by Mr. Hobbs, in Smithfield, and occupied by her mother, Mrs. A. B. Northam, and herself, was found to be in flames. The fire had so far progressed, when discovered, that it was impossible to save the dwelling or out houses, which were entirely consumed. By the prompt endeavors of the citizens, however, everything that the dwelling contained was saved.

At the